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Souvenir Of Dakota.

The Artesian Wells.

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Mrs. A. J. Dickinson

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Souvenir Of Dakota.

The Artesian Wells

by

Mrs. A. J. Dickinson,
Chamberlain South Dakota.

Illustrated by

Nelle B. Lockwood,
Chamberlain, South Dakota.

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On The Dim, silent Prairie

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The Artesian Wells

On the dim, silent prairie
where brown
grasses
shiver,
And loneliness broods like a mystical spell,
There bursts on our vision a beautiful river,
Thrown up from the depths of a wonderful well.

Oh: emblem of purity - fountain of beauty:
What power hath this miracle wrought in our land?
What brain was so mighty - what arm so potential?
Whose voice to the floods gave the
Word
of
command?

Skilled workmen who wrought with unceasing endeavor,
Through sunshine, through darkness,
in cold and in heat.
That the long prisoned river may rise in a fountain,
Then quickly decending may flow at our feet.

Oh water,

bright water,

We see through

thy prism

A vast panorama surpassingly grand:

We see the fulfillment of hopes and

of wishes,

Good tidings of joy to this beautiful

Land.

We see through thy prism the
gleaming and glancing
Of acres on acres of ripening wheat;
And we hear in thy music the songs of the
reapers,
Who gather the food that the multitudes eat.

We see the rich cornfields
with green silken banners,
And snowy white plumes as they swing
in the breezes;
And the fruits, and
the flowers,
and sweet lowly grasses,
And vineyards, and bowers, and luxuriant
trees.

Oh!

What are the gems of the mine

or the ocean

Compared to our bountiful treasures of grain?

Or birds of bright plumage

that sing in the tropics,

Compared to the herds

that

roam

over

our plain?

The cotton blooms white in the far sunny south land,
The rice and the sugar cane yield their rich stores:
But we count no boon greater-no heritage fairer
Than this which the water has brought to our doors.

In our towns and our cities the ponderous engine,
Now throbs in response
to the flow
of the wells;

And the whirr of the mills, and the hum of the
spindles,
Proclaim this a land where prosperity dwells.

The demon of Fire
in vain speeds his
legions,
Our temples and homes to demolish
and spoil.
From the depths of the earth issues
forth the bright water,
That saves from destruction
the fruits of
our toil.

The wells furnish power, and the streets
of our cities
All sparkle and glow with electrical light
It quivers
and flashes
in swift
leaping cascades,
And murmuring waterfalls
gladden
our sight.

Oh: music as sweet as the song
of an angel;
Oh: gospel of love to this
land of our choice;

The music of water
the sweetest evangel,
We join in the anthem with heart and with
voice.

We write the glad tidings in song
and in story,
We tell of the miracle wrought in our land;
And the murmur of streams
and of waterfall
hoary,
Unite in the orchestra solemn and
grand.

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